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THE  
**P O E M S**  
OF  
**SIR WALTER RALEIGH:**  
*NOW FIRST COLLECTED.*

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WITH A  
**BIOGRAPHICAL**  
AND  
**CRITICAL INTRODUCTION:**  
BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, K.J.

---

“ Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of Death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
The endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That Honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us Heirs of all Eternity.” SHAKESP.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:  
*From the Private Press*  
OF  
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.  
*Printed by T. Davison, Whitefriars.*  
1814.



TO  
WILLIAM BOLLAND, ESQ.  
BARRISTER AT LAW,  
THIS VOLUME  
OF  
**Sir Walter Raleigh's Poems**  
IS  
DEDICATED,  
AS  
A MARK OF RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP,  
BY  
SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES,

*London, Dec. 24, 1813.*



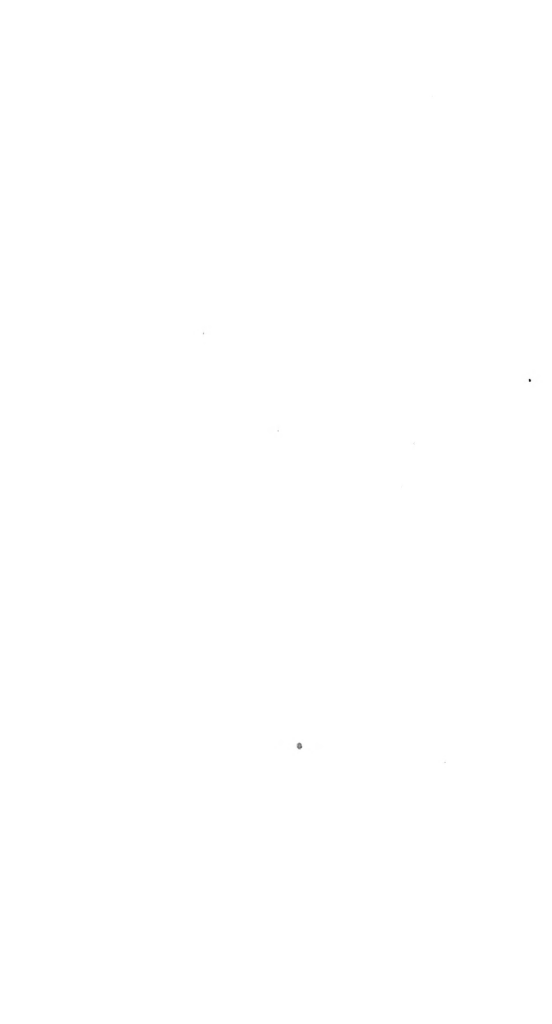
## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE first Edition of this collection of RALEIGH'S Poems was printed at the Editor's private press at Lee Priory in Kent, and consisted only of one hundred copies in quarto.

This Edition is reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges's permission, to supply the numerous applications of those, who could not obtain the first, which the name of RALEIGH, and the desire to obtain specimens of the poetry of so illustrious a genius, had rendered attractive.

*London, May 12, 1814.*





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BIOGRAPHICAL  
AND  
CRITICAL INTRODUCTION.

---

WHO is there, that will not read with a heart first expanding with admiration, and afterwards wrung with resentment and sorrow, the story of RALEIGH, though a thousand times told?

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born in 1552, at Hayes Farm, in the parish of Budley, in that part of Devonshire, which borders eastward on the sea, near the spot where the Ottery discharges itself into the British Channel.

He was the fourth son, and the second by a third wife, of Walter Raleigh of Fardel, in the parish of Cornwood, near Plymouth, Esq. His father was of an ancient knightly family, and his mother was Catharine, daughter of Sir Philip

Champernoun of Modbury, in the same county ; relict of Otho Gilbert of Compton, (the father by her of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the celebrated Navigator.)

We are anxious to search out the fountain-head of greatness ; and to see if we can discover in the ancestor any of those ingredients which afterwards, in a favoured descendant, burst out into a blaze of fame. We can trace nothing of this kind in the progenitors of SIR WALTER. Their lot seems to have been confined to provincial honours, where they alike were shut from the extended glory, and the severe misfortunes, of him who rendered their name illustrious over the wide globe.

His father had only a lease in the farm at Hayes, which afterwards passed into other hands ; as appears by the following letter of SIR WALTER to Mr. Duke of Devonshire ; after he had begun to make his fortune, and to seek a residence for himself.

“ MR. DUKE,

“ I WROTE to Mr. Prideaux to move you for the purchase of *Hayes*, a farm sometime in my

father's possession. I will most willingly give whatsoever in your conscience you shall deem it worth ; and if at any time you shall have occasion to use me, you shall find me a thankful friend to you and yours. I am resolved, if I cannot intreat you, to build at Colliton ; but for the natural disposition I have to that place, being born in that house, I had rather seat myself there than any where else. I take my leave, ready to countervail all your courtesies to the utter of my power.

“ Your very willing Friend,

“ In all I shall be able,

“ WALTER RALEIGH.”<sup>a</sup>

“ *Court, the xxvi. of July, 1584.*”

SIR WALTER was educated at Oxford, where he resided three years ; and then, in 1569, at the age of seventeen, formed one of the select Troop of an hundred gentlemen, whom Queen Elizabeth permitted Henry Champernoun to transport to France, for the assistance of the Protestant Princes there.

<sup>a</sup> “ *Aubrey's Lives in Bodl. Letters,*” ii. 520.

A service of six years on that great theatre, not only fully taught him the duties of a soldier, but improved his natural sagacity and extensive knowledge of mankind.

In 1575, he appears to have taken up his abode in the Middle Temple ; as his Commendatory Verses, prefixed to George Gascoigne's "*Steel-Glass*," are dated from that place.

Soon afterwards his active spirit again led him abroad ; and he engaged in the service of the Prince of Orange in the Low-Countries, where the auxiliary forces from England were commanded by Sir John Norris. It is supposed that he was at the battle of Rimenant, on the 1st of August, 1578.

The next year he engaged with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who had obtained a patent for planting and inhabiting certain parts of North America, in a naval adventure to that new-discovered world. This enterprize was unsuccessful : and the adventurers returned, after encountering many misfortunes, with the loss of one of their ships.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> See "*Hakluyt's Voyages*."

In 1580, the Pope having instigated the Irish to unfurl the banner of rebellion, RALEIGH accepted a captain's commission under the Lord Deputy of Ireland, Arthur Grey, Lord Grey De Wilton. Here he distinguished himself by his skill and bravery. In 1581, the Earl of Ormond departing for England, his Government of Munster was given to Captain RALEIGH, in commission with Sir William Morgan, and Captain Piers. RALEIGH resided chiefly at Lismore, and spent all this summer in the woods and country adjacent, in continual action with the rebels.

Discontents, and heart-burnings, and disputes ensued between Lord Grey and RALEIGH, which the following curious expressions in a letter of RALEIGH to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, dated from the camp of Lismore, August 25, 1581, evidently allude to. " I have spent some time here under the Deputy in such poor place and charge, as were it not for that I knew him to be as if yours, I would disdain it as much as to keep sheep. I will not trouble your honour with the business of this lost land ; for that Sir Warham St. Leger can best of any man deliver

unto your lordship the good, the bad, the mischiefs, the means to amend, and all in all, of this commonwealth, or rather common woe!"<sup>c</sup>

The Lord Deputy Grey was the patron of Spenser; and here that very eminent poet probably formed his friendship with RALEIGH.

RALEIGH's services in Ireland now ended; and, on his return to England, his disputes with the Lord Deputy came before the Council-Table. Sir Robert Naunton says, in his "*Fragmenta Regalia*,"—"I am somewhat confident, among the second causes of his growth, was the variance between him and my Lord General Grey, in his *second*<sup>d</sup> descent into Ireland, which drew them both over to the Council-Table, there to plead their own causes; where what advantage he had in the case in controversy, I know not; but he had much the better in the manner of telling his tale; insomuch, as the Queen and the Lords took no slight mark of the man and his parts; for from thence he came to be known, and to have access to the Lords; and then we are not to doubt how such a man would comply to progression. And whether

<sup>c</sup> "*Cayley's Life of Raleigh*," i. 29. <sup>d</sup> An error of Naunton.



or no, my Lord of Leicester had the cast in a good word for him to the Queen, which would have done him no harm, I do not determine ; but true it is, he had gotten the Queen's ear in a trice ; and she began to be taken with his election, and loved to hear his reasons to her demands. And the truth is, she took him for a kind of oracle ; which nettled them all ; yea, those that he relied on, began to take this his sudden favour for an alarm ; and to be sensible of their own supplantation, and to project his ; which made him shortly after sing,

“ Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown ? ”

These openings at Court did not deter RALEIGH from engaging in those expeditions of naval discovery which were most congenial to the spirit of his adventurous genius. His brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, having resolved to make a second attempt on America, RALEIGH built and sent on that undertaking a bark of 200 tons. On June 11, 1583, the fleet sailed from Plymouth ; but in four days a contagious disease, which had seized the crew of our hero's vessel,

necessitated them to part company with the rest; and return to port. Sir Humphrey himself, with two of his vessels, was lost in his return from this voyage.

RALEIGH was not discouraged; but drawing fresh hopes from the information obtained in this attempt, laid a plan before the Queen and Council, by which he obtained a grant, dated 25th of March, 1584, of “free liberty to discover such remote heathen and barbarous lands, as were not actually possessed by any Christian, nor inhabited by Christian people.” For this purpose he fitted out two vessels, which sailed on the 27th of April following; and reaching the Gulf of Florida on the 2d of July, sailed one hundred and twenty miles along the shore; and at last debarking on a low land, called *Wokoken*, took possession of it in the name of the Queen of England; and returning home about the middle of September, made such a report that her Majesty adopted the design of planting a colony there, and gave it the name of VIRGINIA.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>e</sup> A full account of this voyage, written by Captain Edward Hayes, is to be found in “*Hakluyt*,” iii. 246.

---

At this time RALEIGH had risen into such importance as to be elected Representative in Parliament for his native county; and in the following year, 1585, received from the Queen the honour of knighthood; an honour which from the sparing hand of that monarch was considered an high distinction. About this period also SIR WALTER was favoured by a licence to sell wines throughout the kingdom.

In March, 1585, he engaged with his brother, Sir Adrian Gilbert, in prosecuting the discovery of the North-west Passage; in which attempt they employed Captain Davis, an experienced Navigator, who soon after fell upon that which is still well-known by the name of *Davis's Straits*.

---

In April of the same year, SIR WALTER sent out a fleet of seven sail, under the command of his cousin, Sir Richard Granville of Devonshire, to plant his new colony of Virginia, of which Ralph Lane was appointed Governor. Sir Richard returned to Plymouth on the 18th of October

following, having taken in his passage home a Spanish prize worth 50,000*l*; and having left behind him in Virginia a colony of one hundred and seven persons; among whom was the celebrated mathematician Thomas Hariot.<sup>f</sup>

At this time happened the suppression of the rebellion of Munster, in Ireland; and the forfeited lands were divided in signiories among those who had been active in its reduction. RALEIGH obtained a grant of 12,000 acres in the counties of Cork and Waterford; which he planted at his own expence, and at the end of this reign sold to Richard Boyle, afterwards the great Earl of Cork, who owns this purchase to have been the first step to his future vast fortune.

In 1586 he fitted out a third voyage to Virginia, under Sir Richard Granville, who found on his arrival the former settlers had already deserted it. Sir Richard left fifteen men there; and in his passage home took some Spanish prizes at the Azores. Two other ships also which he despatched to those parts had equal success against the Spaniards.

<sup>f</sup> See an account of this voyage in "*Hakluyt*," iii. 251.

In this year he became an adventurer with George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, to the South Seas.

Such at this time was his influence at Court, as well as general fame, that the Queen appointed him Seneschal of the Duchies of Cornwall and Exeter, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries in those counties. Envy, the almost inevitable attendant on Greatness, now began to pursue him ; and the Earl of Leicester, his former patron and friend, is said to have grown jealous of his influence with her Majesty, and to have set up in opposition to him Robert Devereux, the young Earl of Essex.

Early in 1587, RALEIGH prepared a new colony of one hundred and fifty persons for Virginia, under the command of Mr. John White, whom he appointed Governor, and who departed from Portsmouth with three sail on April 26, and arrived at Hattarass 23d July following. They found the colony already dispersed ; and White returning home for supplies, a new fleet was prepared under Sir Richard Granville, which was, however, prevented from sailing by the threat of

the Spanish invasion. Governor White was sent, therefore, with only two small pinnaces, and sailed from Biddeford on April 22 ; but these vessels receiving material injuries on their voyage in engagements with the enemy, returned without having completed their expedition, to the distress of the planters abroad, and regret of their patrons at home.

Another mark of royal favour was now conferred on him. He was appointed Captain of her Majesty's Guard.

In this year SIR WALTER distinguished himself by the active part he took against the Spanish Armada.

On March 7, 1589, he assigned over all his rights in the colony of Virginia to certain merchants of the city of London.

In April 1589, he accompanied Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake in their expedition to Portugal, to restore Don Antonio, the Monarch of that kingdom ; who had been expelled from his dominion by Philip II. of Spain. For his conduct on this occasion he was honoured by the Queen with a gold chain.

On his return home he touched upon the coast of Ireland ; being, as it seems, debarred from the Court by the jealousy and intrigues of Lord Essex.<sup>5</sup> Here he visited Spenser, the poet, in his delightful retreat at Kilcolman, on the banks of the Mulla, in the county of Cork ; renewing an intimacy formerly begun on the Poet's first arrival in that kingdom. Spenser tells us that RALEIGH, sitting beside him under the shady alders on the banks of the Mulla, often provoked him to play some pleasant fit. This appears from his pastoral of "*Colin Clout's come home again*," dedicated to SIR WALTER, in 1595, in which we find the following passage :

" One day," quoth he, " I sat, as was my trade,  
 Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,  
 Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade  
 Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore :  
 There a strange shepherd chanc'd to find me out,  
 Whether allured with my pipe's delight,  
 Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,  
 Or thither led by chance, I know not right :  
 Whom when I asked from what place he came,  
 And how he hight, himself he did yclep

<sup>5</sup> "*Birch's Memoir of Queen Elizabeth*," i. 55.

*The Shepherd of the Ocean* by name,  
 And said he came far from the main-sea deep.  
 He, sitting me beside in that same shade,  
 Provoked me to play some pleasant fit ;  
 And, when he heard the music which I made,  
 He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it :  
 Yet, æmuling my pipe, he took in hand  
 My pipe, before that æmuled of many,  
 And play'd thereon ; (for well that skill he con'd ;)  
 Himself as skilful in that art as any.  
 He pip'd, I sung ; and, when he sung, I pip'd ;  
 By change of turns, each making other merry ;  
 Neither envying other, nor envied :  
 So piped we, until we both were weary."

---

Spenser goes on afterwards :

" His song was all a lamentable lay  
 Of great unkindness, and of usage hard,  
 Of CYNTHIA the Lady of the Sea,  
 Which from her presence faultless him debarr'd.  
 And ever and anon, with singulfs rife,  
 He cried out, to make his undersong ;  
 ' Ah ! my lov'd Queen, and Goddess of my life,  
 Who shall me pity, when thou dost me wrong ?'  
 Then 'gan a gentle bonny lass to speak,  
 That Marin hight : ' Right well he sure did plain,  
 That could great *Cynthia's* sore displeasure break,  
 And move to take him to her grace again."



Hence we may conclude that RALEIGH was soon restored to the Queen's favour ; and, from the following passage, that he took Spenser back with him, and introduced him to the Queen.

“ When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,”  
Quoth he, “ and each an end of singing made,  
He ’gan to cast great liking to my lore,  
And great disliking to my luckless lot,  
That banish’d had myself, like wight forlore,  
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.  
The which to leave, thenceforth he counsel’d me,  
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardful,  
And wend with him his *Cynthia* to see ;  
Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardful.  
Besides her peerless skill in making well,  
And all the ornament of wondrous wit,  
Such as all womankind did far excel ;  
Such as the world admir’d, and praised it :  
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,  
He me persuaded forth with him to fare.”

---

Again,

“ *The Shepherd of the Ocean*,” quoth he,  
“ Unto that Goddess’ grace me first enhanc’d,

And to my oaten pipe inclin'd her ear,  
 That she thenceforth therein 'gan take delight,  
 And it desir'd at timely hours to hear,  
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight."

---

In the same poem he speaks thus of RALEIGH's own poetical turn.

" And there that *Shepherd of the Ocean* is,  
 That spends his wit in Love's consuming smart;  
 Full sweetly temper'd is that Muse of his,  
 That can empierce a Prince's mighty heart."

---

I need not observe that this character well applies to the Poems of RALEIGH now first printed together.

As an additional proof of Spenser's opinion of our accomplished Hero, this may not be an improper place to introduce Spenser's Sonnet<sup>h</sup> to him, prefixed to "*The Fairy Queen*."

<sup>h</sup> Spenser's Sonnets before "*The Fairy Queen*" appear to me to be all of them very valuable, not so much on account of the poetry, as for the peculiarity of praise, by which the person addressed is so happily designated. The character of each of

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT,

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

*Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and Lieutenant of Cornwall.*

To thee, that art the Summer's nightingale,  
 Thy Sovereign Goddess's most dear delight,  
 Why do I send this rustic madrigal,  
 That may thy tuneful ear unseason quite?  
 Thou only fit this argument to write,  
 In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bower,  
 And dainty Love learn'd sweetly to endite.  
 My rhymes I know unsavoury and sour,  
 To taste the streams that, like a golden shower,  
 Flow from thy fruitful head of thy Love's praise;  
 Fitter perhaps to thunder martial store,  
 Whenso they list thy lofty Muse to raise:  
 Yet, till that thou thy poem wilt make known,  
 Let thy fair *Cynthia's* praises be thus rudely shown.

---

Early in 1592, SIR WALTER formed a design  
 against the Spaniards in the West Indies, and

these great men of Queen Elizabeth's Court is drawn with such  
 appropriate traits, that from thence alone may be learned the  
 features by which each was most distinguished. But the poetry  
 itself of them is better, than Warton, in general a most candid  
 critic, would allow. A small impression of these Sonnets, from  
 the Lee Priory Press, accompanied by Biographical Notes, is in  
 contemplation.

proceeded to sea with his fleet on the 6th of May. The next day he received from the Queen an order of recall, which he did not obey till the fleet had reached Cape Finister on the 11th; when separating the ships into two squadrons, he divided the command between Sir John Burgh and Sir Martin Frobisher. They took and brought to England the *Madre de Dios*, the richest prize which had at that time been taken, first estimated by SIR WALTER at 500,000*l.* but found afterwards not to produce more than a third of that sum, of which the Queen claimed a large share.

An event now occurred, not unimportant to the domestic life of this great man. An amour which took place with Elizabeth, daughter of the celebrated Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, one of the maids of honour to the Queen, so offended her Majesty that she sent them both prisoners to the Tower. SIR WALTER married the lady, and they proved examples of conjugal affection and virtue. He continued in confinement till September.

Anthony Bacon, in a letter written early in the year 1593, says, "SIR WALTER having been

almost a year in disgrace, for several occasions, as I think you have heard, is yet hovering between fear and hope, notwithstanding his great share of the rich Carac."

At this time he appeared as a conspicuous speaker in parliament.

The next year our Hero was so entirely restored to favour, that he obtained a grant from her Majesty of the manor of Sherbourne, in Dorsetshire, which had been alienated from the See of Salisbury by Bishop Caldwell. Coker, in his *Survey* of this county, says, " Queen Elizabeth granted the fee-farm of it to SIR WALTER, who began very fairly to build the castle. But altering his purpose, he built in a park adjoining to it, out of the ground, a most fine house ; which he beautified with orchards, gardens, and groves, of much variety and great delight. So that whether that you consider the pleasantness of the seat, the goodness of the soil, or the other delicacies belonging unto it, it rests unparalleled by any in these parts."

In 1594, he was made happy by the birth of his eldest son, Walter.

But the Queen's resentment for his conduct towards a lady of her court rankled, it seems, in her bosom. "Finding," says Naunton, "his favours declining and falling into a recess, he undertook a new peregrination to leave that *terra infirma* of the Court for that of the Waves, and by declining himself, and by absence, to expel his, and the passion of his enemies. Which in Court was a strange device of recovery, but that he then knew there was some ill office done him ; yet he durst not attempt to amend it otherwise than by going aside, thereby to teach envy a new way of forgetfulness, and not so much as think of him."

RALEIGH now, therefore, having planned his voyage to Guiana, took the command of it himself. He departed from England on Thursday, February 6, 1595, and returned late in the summer of that year, when he published an account of the expedition, under the title of "*The Discovery of the large rich and beautiful Empire of Guiana ; with a relation of the great and Golden City of Manoa, called by the Spaniards EL DORADO, &c. printed by Robert Robinson, London, 1596.*" 4to.

Inserted also in “*Hakluyt’s Voyages*,” iii. 627 ; in “*Birch’s Works of Raleigh*,” ii. 137 ; in “*Cayley’s Life of Raleigh*,” i. 157, &c.

At this time he resolved on a second attempt to Guiana. On December 13th of that year Rowland White writes to Sir Robert Sydney : “ There be great means made for SIR WALTER RALEIGH’S coming to the Court : he lives about London very gallant : his voyage goes forward ; and my Lord Treasurer ventures with him 500*l.* in money : Sir Robert Cecil ventures a new ship, bravely furnished ; the very hull stands in 500*l.*” The command of this voyage was given to Lawrence Keymis. He sailed in January 1596 ; and returned in June following. A relation of this expedition, by Keymis himself, may be found in the third volume of “*Hakluyt’s Voyages*.”

SIR WALTER now had a chief command in the Cadiz action, under the Earl of Essex, in which he took a very able and gallant part.

In the *Island Voyage*, 1597, which was aimed principally against the Spanish Plate-Fleets, RALEIGH, who was one of the principal leaders, would have been completely successful, had he

not been thwarted by the jealousy and presumption of Essex.

Early in 1598, RALEIGH was sent down to Cornwall, to defend the coast against some threatened attacks of the Spaniards ; and he was soon afterwards talked of for the high post of Lord Deputy of Ireland.

On the 20th of September that year, Rowland White writes, “ I heard of one that is familiar among them, that Sir Robert Cecil and SIR WALTER RALEIGH do infinitely desire to be BARONS, and they have a purpose to be called unto it, though there be no parliament.”

About June 1600, SIR WALTER went over to Flanders with Lord Cobham, and on August 26th of that year, was appointed Governor of Jersey.

Now came the misfortunes and condemnation of the imprudent Essex. On this occasion there is extant a letter of RALEIGH, first printed in “ *Murdin's State Papers*,” which leaves a blot on his character, that I confess cannot be effaced from my mind. It is too curious and too characteristic to be omitted.



“ *Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Cecil.*

“ SIR,

“ I am not wise enough to give you advice ; but if you take it for a good counsel to relent towards this tyrant, you will repent it when it shall be too late. His malice is fixed, and will not evaporate by any of your mild courses ; for he will ascribe the alteration to her Majesty’s pusillanimity, and not to your good nature, knowing that you work upon her humour, and not out of any love towards him. The less you make him, the less he shall be able to harm you and yours ; and if her Majesty’s favour fail him, he will again decline to a common person. For after-revenges, fear them not ; for your own father was esteemed to be the contriver of Norfolk’s ruin, yet his son<sup>i</sup> followeth your father’s son,<sup>k</sup> and loveth him. Humours of men succeed not, but grow by occasion, and accidents of time and power. Somerset made no revenge on the Duke of Northumberland’s heirs. Northumberland,<sup>l</sup> that now is, thinks not of Hatton’s<sup>m</sup> issue. Kelloway lives,

<sup>i</sup> Northampton.

<sup>k</sup> Cecil himself.

<sup>l</sup> Percy.

<sup>m</sup> Sir Christopher.

that murdered the brother of Horsey ; and Horsey let him go-by all his life-time. I could name a thousand of those ; and therefore after-fears are but prophecies, or rather conjectures from causes remote : look to the present, and you do wisely. His son shall be the youngest Earl of England but one, and if his father be not kept down, Will. Cecil shall be able to keep as many men at his heels, and more too. He may also match in a better house than his, and so that fear is not worth the fearing. But if the father continue, he will be able to break the branches, and pull up the tree root and all. Lose not your advantage ; if you do, I read your destiny.

“ Let the Queen hold Bothwell,<sup>n</sup> while she hath him ; he will ever be the canker of her estate and safety. Princes are lost by security, and preserved by prevention. I have seen the last of her good days, and all ours after his liberty.

“ Yours, &c.

“ WALTER RALEIGH.”<sup>o</sup>

<sup>n</sup> Meaning Essex.

<sup>o</sup> “ *Murdin*,” p. 811. “ *Cayley*,” i. 341.

\* This letter strikes me to be the dictation of a man apparently (I do not admit *really*) acute in worldly wisdom ; but frightfully wicked. It exhibits an appalling picture of the course of human affairs ; of the modes by which success in the paths of public life is too frequently attained and secured, and the consequent value there must be in a long transmission of honours and riches, which, if they were the blessing they are too generally supposed to be, would, when thus gotten, be an impeachment on the justice of Providence. Another awful lesson is here exhibited: RALEIGH, in this dreadful letter, is pressing forward for a rival that snare, by which he afterwards perished himself! He urges Cecil to get rid of Essex! By that riddance he himself became no longer necessary to Cecil, as a counterpoise to Essex's power. Then I have no doubt it was that Cecil, become an adept in the abominable lesson of this letter, and conscious of his minor talents but more persevering cunning, resolved to disencumber himself of the ascendant abilities, and aspiring and dangerous ambition of RALEIGH!

We speak of these times with enthusiasm: our imaginations are inflamed with their chivalrous spirit, and the magnanimous understanding and heart of the Princess who sat upon the throne! But does not a more deep and calm reflection see much to disapprove, and much which fills us with horror in this boasted reign? A monarch of sagacity and resolution, whose affections were set upon the happiness and glory of her nation, and who generally employed fit means for her purposes, yet of despotic principles, liable to fits of caprice, and even favouritism; untouched by finer feelings; exacting hard measure in the services of those that she employed; and by no means nice in the sacrifice of any one whom her opinion of state-necessity induced her to abandon!

Her favouritism, though it yielded at last, after a dangerous and fatal struggle, to her sense of public duty, displayed itself most glaringly in the case of Essex. In this fond play-thing of transient fortune there were many showy and attractive qualities: but let us ask our sober reason where were the great virtues, or the tran-

scendent intellect, or the unselfish heroism? What affair did he conduct, what expedition did he command, in which he shewed superior skill? In what great business was he employed, in which the gratification of his own private fame and vanity does not appear the primary object? A childish jealousy of RALEIGH induced him to thwart great national concerns, over which he ought not to have presided.

When we see this young nobleman put over the head of RALEIGH, a man of so much longer experience, of talents so much more profound, of enduring fortitude so much more sublime, what can we say for this occasional weakness of a princess, whose transcendent exercise of the reins of power we are so habituated to extol? We must not attribute it to the superior birth and rank of Essex; though this would have been at least as excusable as that absurd and unseasonable attachment of old age to youth, from which it flowed. The Queen, however, gave a degree of superiority to birth and rank, which in our more enlightened days excites a just indignation. If it be unwise to make the road of ascent to low men

too easy, RALEIGH was not a low man; and great talents, long tried, and well exerted, ought at all times, and in every state, to have the first place.

But this illustrious Queen, whose magnanimous spirit and powerful sagacity knew in general by what instruments to govern, carried to the grave with her all the sunshine and all the happiness of RALEIGH. Now the storm, which the witchery of the wicked Cecil had been conjuring together, burst upon his head. A Prince from the North with a meanness of soul which has no parallel, and a narrow subtlety of intellect, which is worse than folly, ascended the British throne, and changed the face and character of the court and the nation. King James frowned on RALEIGH; and within three months entertained a charge against him of high treason. This supposed conspiracy, so well known by the name of RALEIGH's *Plot*, remains a mystery to this day. Those unhappy noblemen, (Brooke), Lord Cobham, and (Thomas Grey,) Lord Grey de Wilton, were involved in the charge, and themselves and their ancient houses ruined by it. But the details

of this extraordinary affair have been so often repeated, that I shall refrain from fatiguing the reader by again relating them here.

On November 17, 1603, RALEIGH was brought to his trial at Winchester, on the charge of a plot to advance Arabella Stuart to the crown. The wretched Cobham was produced as an evidence against him: he was tampered with, and equivocated. RALEIGH was found guilty; and sentence of execution pronounced.

Sir Dudley Carleton in a celebrated letter, descriptive of this trial, says, "After sentence given, his request was to have his answers related to the King, and pardon begged; of which if there were no hope, then that Cobham might die first. He answered with that temper, wit, learning, courage and judgment, that, save that it went with the hazard of his life, it was the happiest day that ever he spent. And so well he shifted all advantages that were taken against him, that were not *fama malum gravius quam res*, and an ill name half-hanged, in the opinion of all men he had been acquitted." It was universally allowed, that there was no legal evidence sufficient to justify this verdict.

After living for nearly a month in daily expectation of being executed, RALEIGH was reprieved. On December 15, he was removed to the Tower. About 1608, his estate<sup>p</sup> at Sherbourne was begged by Carr, the favourite; and granted to that wretched nobleman the following year.

SIR WALTER being now suffered to linger in the Tower, gave up his time to literature.

Prince Henry favoured this great man. "No king but my father," said he, "would keep such a bird in a cage."

In 1612, on the death of Cecil, whom King James had created Earl of Salisbury, RALEIGH entertained hopes of his freedom. In 1614, he had the liberty of the Tower allowed him; and the same year published his "*History of the World*."

At length he obtained his release, on March 17, 1616, after twelve years imprisonment,<sup>q</sup> a favour only to be obtained by bribery.

<sup>p</sup> This property was afterwards valued by the State at 5000*l.* a year. It is now the seat of Earl Digby.

<sup>q</sup> Lord Grey died in the Tower, 1614; and Lord Cobham survived SIR WALTER about three months, in miserable poverty.



The treasures of Guiana still haunted the mind of RALEIGH; and he now made preparations for a new voyage. A commission was procured, through the influence of Sir Ralph Winwood, bearing date August 26, 1616. SIR WALTER was also offered for 700*l.* a regular pardon, which had not been given him on his release. This he declined, by the advice of Sir Francis Bacon, who said, “ Sir, the knee-timber of your voyage is money. Spare your purse in this particular; for upon my life you have a sufficient pardon for all that is past already; the King having, under his Broad Seal, made you Admiral of your Fleet, and given you power of the Martial Law over your officers and soldiers.”

On March 28, 1617, SIR WALTER sailed with the fleet, which he had collected. In November following, he reached the continent of South America.

It is well known that this expedition failed: nor can it be doubted that the pusillanimous monarch James betrayed all the plans to the Spaniards, who thus fortified all the entrances against him.

“For the rest,” says SIR WALTER, “there was never poor man so exposed to the slaughter as I was. For, being commanded by my allegiance, to set down, not only the country, but the very river by which I was to enter it; to name my ships’ number, men, and my artillery, this was sent by the Spanish Ambassador to his master, the King of Spain,” &c. His eldest son, Walter, was killed in this expedition; fighting with extraordinary valour, and constant vigour of mind.

On SIR WALTER’S return, it was alleged that the golden mine was a mere chimera of his imagination. “What,” said Howell, “will not one in captivity, as SIR WALTER was, promise to regain his freedom? Who would not promise not only mines, but mountains of gold, for liberty?”

Gondomar inflamed the King, by pretending that RALEIGH had broken the peace between the two kingdoms of Britain and Spain. RALEIGH surrendered himself; afterwards made an unsuccessful attempt to escape when on his journey to London; and was re-committed to the Tower.

It was now resolved that SIR WALTER should be brought to the bar of the King's Bench by *Habeas Corpus*, and execution awarded upon his former sentence. He was accordingly brought up on October 28, 1618, though taken from his bed under the infliction of an ague-fit. Execution was accordingly granted; and he was delivered to the Sheriffs of Middlesex, and conveyed to the Gate-House, near the Palace-Yard. His heroism did not forsake him. To some who deplored his misfortunes he observed, with calmness, that "the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution."

On Thursday, October 29th, he was conducted to the scaffold, in Old Palace-Yard. His countenance was cheerful; and he said, "I desire to be borne withal, for this is the third day of my fever; and if I shall shew any weakness, I beseech you to attribute it to my malady; for this is the hour, in which it was wont to come." He then addressed the spectators in a long speech, which ended thus:

- - - - "And now I intreat you to join with me in prayer to the great God of Heaven, whom

I have grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, and have lived a sinful life, in all sinful callings; for I have been a soldier, a captain, a sea-captain, and a courtier, which are courses of wickedness and vice, that God would forgive me, and cast away my sins from me, and that he would receive me into everlasting life. So I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God."

When he bade farewell to his friends, he said, "I have a long journey to go, and therefore I will take my leave." Having asked the executioner to shew him the axe, which the executioner hesitated to do, he cried, "I prithee let me see it! Dost thou think I am afraid of it?" He then took hold of it, felt the edge, and smiling, said to the sheriff, "this is a sharp medicine; but it is a physician for all evils." He forgave the executioner, and being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies." At two strokes his head was taken off, without the least shrink, or motion of his body.

Dr. Tounson, Dean of Westminster, after-

wards Bishop of Salisbury, has given a relation of this dreadful execution, in a letter to Sir John Isham of Lamport, in Northamptonshire, dated November 9, 1618.

“ He was,” says the Dean, “ the most fearless of death, that ever was known ; and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience. When I began to encourage him against the fear of death, he seemed to make so light of it, that I wondered at him. And when I told him that the dear servants of God, in better causes than his, had shrunk back, and trembled a little, he denied not ; but yet gave God thanks he never feared death, and much less then. For it was but an opinion and imagination, and the manner of death, though to others it might seem grievous, yet he had rather die so than of a burning fever. With much more to that purpose, with such confidence and cheerfulness, that I was fain to divert my speech another way ; and wished him not to flatter himself ; for this extraordinary boldness, I was afraid came from some false ground. If it sprang from the assurance he had of the love and favour of God, of the hope of his

salvation by Christ, and his own innocency, as he pleaded, I said he was a happy man. But if it were out of an humour of vain glory, or carelessness, or contempt of death, or senselessness of his own estate, he were much to be lamented, &c. For I told him, that heathen men had set as little by their lives as he would do, and seemed to die as bravely. He answered, that he was persuaded, that no man that knew God, and feared him, could die with cheerfulness and courage, except he were assured of the love and favour of God unto him. That other men might make shews outwardly, but they felt no joy within; with much more to that effect very christianly, so that he satisfied me then, as I think he did all his spectators at his death," &c.

" He was very cheerful that morning he died, and took tobacco, and made no more of his death than if he had been to take a journey. And left a great impression in the minds of those that beheld him, insomuch that Sir Lewis Stukeley and the Frenchman grew very odious."

Another account says, " In all the time he was upon the scaffold, nor before, there appeared

not the least alteration in him, either in his voice or countenance; but he seemed as free from all manner of apprehension, as if he had come thither rather to be a spectator than a sufferer; nay, the beholders seemed much more sensible than did he. So that he hath purchased here, in the opinion of men, such honour and reputation, as it is thought his greatest enemies are they that are most sorrowful for his death, which they see is like to turn so much to his advantage."

This unparalleled sacrifice of so great a man to the insolent demands of Spain, gave such disgust to the people, that the King published a Declaration, in justification of the measure, which only increased the odium naturally generated by highly disgraceful acts!

Even one of the ministers wrote to Cottington, our agent then in Spain, (according to a letter preserved by Rushworth,) desiring him to represent to that Court, "in how many actions of late, his Majesty had strained upon the affections of his people; and especially in this last concerning SIR WALTER RALEIGH, who died with a great deal of courage and constancy; and at his

death, moved the common sort of people to much remorse, who all attributed his death to the desire his Majesty had to satisfy Spain. Farther, you may let them know, how able a man SIR WALTER RALEIGH was to have done his Majesty service, if he should have been pleased to employ him. Yet to give them content, he hath not spared him, when by preserving him, he might have given great satisfaction to his subjects, and had at command, upon all occasions, as useful a man as served any prince in Christendom."

Such was the active life; and such was the afflicting end, of one of the most extraordinary, and one of the most eminent men in the annals of English History. I can scarcely name another, who united so many opposing qualities of greatness.

If there were no other blots in King James's reign, RALEIGH's death alone would render it intolerable to every generous and reflecting mind. When I consider what sort of talents and conduct covered Cecil's grave with wealth and high honours, while those of RALEIGH led him to the scaffold, and his posterity to extinction in poverty



and ruin, my heart bursts with indignation and horror!

His *History of the World*, that work of stupendous learning, by which he soothed, for so many years, the pressure of the iron chains that bound down his active body, would alone have immortalized his name. It begins with the Creation, and ends a little before the birth of Christ, a period of 4000 years. It has, however, been pronounced to be rather “an Historical Dissertation,” than “to rise to the majesty of History.” But the extent of his learning, and the power of his judgment have been extolled as wonderful.

A Collection of valuable Prose Tracts, by SIR WALTER, upon many political questions of great interest, which arose in his time, was published by Dr. Birch, in two vols. 8vo. 1751. These are now become scarce. They contain a rich fund of political wisdom, applicable far beyond the great occasion which gave birth to them, expanded by general axioms, and filled with the germs of that noble science of political economy, which the latter half, of the century lately closed, cultivated

with such success. One of these tracts, entitled, "*The Cabinet Council*," had the honour to be first published in 8vo. by Milton, in 1658. Many other things of his still remain in MS.; of which Mr. Cayley has given a list.

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RALEIGH's mind appears to have been characterized by boldness, and freedom from nice scruples either in thought or in action.

He was, as Lodge says of Sydney, a poet rather by necessity than inclination; he only indulged in speculation, when he was shut out from action: for his head was restless and turbulent. When no overwhelming passions or interests misled him, he was generous, and perhaps even feeling.

Difficulties and disappointments gave a plaintive sort of moral cast to his occasional effusions.

He possessed all the various faculties of the mind in such ample degrees, that to whichever of them he had given exclusive or unproportionate cultivation, in that he must have highly excelled. There are so many beautiful lines in

the poem prefixed to “*Spenser’s Fairy Queen*,” beginning “*Methought I saw*,” &c. that it is clear he was capable of attaining an high place among poetical writers.

The mere assent to greatness in the state, from such a private condition as RALEIGH’S, could not have been effected in those days without some extraordinary powers of intellect and of spirit; unless, perhaps, through the slow intrigues of gradually-improving office, where daily presence and daily opportunity might find room for the incessant activity of a selfish cunning; a mode, by which the elevation of Burleigh may probably be accounted for.

We must not compare those days with the present, where private and even low men rise with too little check. I do not doubt, that while climbing up the steep and perilous heights of ambition, RALEIGH met with numerous, scarcely-supportable insults as well as thrusts. Essex was of a generous temper, but he was vain and haughty, and nursed and blown up by intemperate and foolish aristocratical prejudices. Incalculably inferior to RALEIGH in all the powers

of the understanding, in age, in experience, and exercised wisdom, any insolence, such as his unreserved temper was likely to betray, must have created in a character like RALEIGH's, inspired as it was by the most daring consciousness of intrinsic pre-eminence both in natural and acquired endowments, feelings of mingled abhorrence, disgust, anger, and disdain, that were not likely to subside without finding some means to discharge themselves on their object. Sir Robert Cecil, a man of industrious parts, always actuated by a crooked and selfish policy, saw and seized this occasion, that he might turn it into an instrument of injury in conducting his own malignant rivalry towards the same imprudent nobleman.

Sackville, Carey, and St. John, who rose to the peerage in this reign, were all related to the Queen: the descent of Lord Howard of Walden, (afterwards created Earl of Suffolk by King James,) was equally illustrious. The father of Norris had suffered in the cause of Anne Boleyn the Queen's mother. Compton possessed large property, and was the heir of a very ancient and distinguished family.

It was a reign, no doubt, of vigorous counsels and vigorous action: yet the Queen was not only jealous and hard to please, but capricious.

It is mortifying to observe, how generally cunning will prevail over talent: not that RALEIGH was exempt from descending to this base mode of success; but in him this debasement was occasional; in Cecil it was constant.

RALEIGH did not disdain the grossest flattery to the Queen:<sup>r</sup> but he did no more perhaps than every other courtier.

What is called RALEIGH's *Plot* appears to have been nothing like a plot. Perhaps there had been some improper tamperings among the accused. But did James fear RALEIGH? He ought then to have taken away the venom of his discontent by employment and confidence!

Do I pronounce RALEIGH a poet? Not, perhaps, in the judgment of a severe criticism. RALEIGH, in his better days, was too much occupied in action to have cultivated all the powers of a poet; which require solitude and perpetual meditation, and a refinement of sensibility, such

<sup>r</sup> See his letter in Hume's History.

as intercourse with business and the world deadens!

But, perhaps, it will be pleaded, that his long years of imprisonment gave him leisure for meditation, more than enough! It has been beautifully said by Lovelace, that

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage,”

so long as the mind is free. But broken spirits, and indescribable injuries and misfortunes do not agree with the fervour required by the Muse. Hope, that “ sings of promis’d pleasure,” could never visit him in his dreary bondage; and Ambition, whose lights had hitherto led him through difficulties and dangers and sufferings, must now have kept entirely aloof from one, whose fetters disabled him to follow as a votary in her train. Images of rural beauty quiet and freedom might, perhaps, have added, by the contrast, to the poignancy of his present painful situation; and he might rather prefer the severity of mental labour in unravelling the dreary and comfortless records of perplexing History in remote ages of war and bloodshed, than to quicken his sensibilities by

lingering amid the murmurs of Elysian waterfalls!

There are times when we dare not stir our feelings, or our fancies ; when the only mode of reconciling ourselves to the excruciating pressure of our sorrows is the encouragement of a dull apathy, which will allow none but the coarser powers of the intellect to operate.

The production of an *Heroic Poem* would have nobly employed this illustrious Hero's mighty faculties, during the lamentable years of his unjust incarceration. But how could *He* delight to dwell on the tale of Heroes, to whom the result of Heroism had been oppression, imprisonment, ruin, and condemnation to death?

We have no proof that RALEIGH possessed the copious, vivid, and creative powers of Spenser ; nor is it probable that any cultivation would have brought forth from him fruit equally rich. But even in the careless fragments now presented to the reader, I think we can perceive some traits of attraction and excellence, which perhaps even Spenser wanted. If less diversified than that gifted bard, he would, I think, have sometimes

been more forcible and sublime. His images would have been more gigantic, and his reflections more daring. With all his mental attention keenly bent on the busy state of existing things in political society, the range of his thought had been lowered down to practical wisdom: but other habits of intellectual exercise, excursions into the ethereal fields of fiction, and converse with the Spirits which inhabit those upper regions, would have given a grasp and a colour to his conceptions as magnificent as the fortitude of his soul!

I lament, therefore, that these idlenesses of a passing hour, thrown forth without care, and scattered without an attempt at preservation, are all the specimens that we have of RALEIGH's poetical genius. To me they appear to justify the praise which I have thus ventured to confer on that genius: but I am well aware that they will be viewed in a very different manner by many others, who will discover nothing in them but the crude abortions of a jejune wit, never worth collecting, and now grown tiresomely obsolete by the changes of Time!



To him, whose enlarged taste is alive to excellence in every varying fashion of our literature, to him whose mind is not so narrowed by the severity of a cold discipline, as to refuse to throw on the composition some of the interest derived from the character of the man, to him whose fancy is not too sterile, or too cold to delight in pastoral poetry, to him whose sensibility or ardour can cherish with fondness the very fragments of genius, to him whose love of History is enlightened by imagination and enriched by moral reflection, I consign this imperfect collection of the *Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh*, with a glow of satisfaction and triumph: yet not unabated by regret at the imperfect manner in which I have performed my task.

S. E. B.

*London,*  
*January 16, 1814.*



THE  
POEMS  
OF  
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

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*A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.*

QUIVERING Fears, heart-tearing Cares,  
Anxious Sighs, untimely Tears,  
Fly, fly to courts ;  
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,  
Where strain'd Sardonic smiles are glosing still,  
And Grief is forc'd to laugh against her will ;  
Where mirth's but mummery ;  
And sorrows only real be !

Fly from our country pastimes! fly,  
Sad troop of human misery;  
Come serene looks,  
Clear as the crystal brooks,  
Or the pure azur'd heaven, that smiles to see  
The rich attendance of our poverty.  
Peace and a secure mind,  
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know  
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,  
You'd scorn proud towers,  
And seek them in these bowers,  
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may  
shake,  
But blustering Care could never tempest make;  
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
Saving of fountains that glide by us.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> How just and beautiful the sentiment of this stanza is, and how perfect the poetry of it is both in language and expression, need not be pointed out.

Here's no fantastic masque, nor dance,

But of our kids, that frisk and prance:

Nor wars are seen,

Unless upon the green

Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,

Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;

And wounds are never found,

Save what the plough-share gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baits,

To hasten too too hasty fates;

Unless it be

The fond credulity

Of silly fish, which worldling-like, still look

Upon the bait, but never on the hook:

Nor envy, unless among

The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go! let the diving negro seek

For gems hid in some forlorn creek:

We all pearls scorn,  
Save what the dewy morn  
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;<sup>b</sup>  
And gold ne'er here appears,  
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves! O may ye be  
For ever mirth's best nursery!  
May pure contents  
For ever pitch their tents  
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these  
mountains,  
And Peace still slumber by these purling fountains!  
Which we may every year  
Find when we come a fishing here!

<sup>b</sup> An exquisite image, exquisitely expressed.

*DISPRAISE  
OF LOVE, AND LOVER'S FOLLIES.*

If love be life, I long to die,  
Live they that list for me:  
And he that gains the most thereby,  
A fool at least shall be.  
But he that feels the sorest fits,  
'Scapes with no less than loss of wits.  
Unhappy life they gain,  
Which love do entertain.

In day by fained looks they live,  
By lying dreams in night;  
Each frown a deadly wound doth give,  
Each smile a false delight.  
If't hap their lady pleasant seem,  
It is for others' love they deem:  
If void she seem of joy,  
Disdain doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that lovers find,  
 Such is the life they lead,  
 Blown here and there with every wind,  
 Like flowers in the mead.  
 Now war, now peace, now war again,  
 Desire, despair, delight, disdain,  
 Though dead in midst of life,  
 In peace and yet at strife.



*Imitatio Horatianæ Odes IX.—Donec gratus eram tibi. Lib. 3.*



*A DIALOGUE BETWIXT GOD AND THE SOUL.*

SOUL.

WHILST my Soul's eye beheld no light  
 But what stream'd from thy gracious sight,  
 To me the world's greatest king,  
 Seem'd but a little vulgar thing.



## GOD.

Whilst thou prov'dst pure ; and that in thee  
I could glass all my Deity,  
How glad did I from Heaven depart,  
To find a lodging in thy heart !

## SOUL.

Now Fame and Greatness bear the sway,  
( 'Tis they that hold my prison's key,)  
For whom my soul would die, might she  
Leave them her immortality !

## GOD.

I, and some few pure souls conspire,  
And burn both in a mutual fire ;  
For whom I'd die once more, e'er they  
Should miss of Heaven's eternal day.

## SOUL.

But, Lord ! what if I turn again,  
And with an adamantine chain,

Lock me to thee? What if I chase  
The world away to give thee place?

GOD.

Then though these souls, in whom I joy,  
Are Seraphims, thou but a toy,  
A foolish toy, yet once more I  
Would with thee live, and for thee die!



*PHILLIDA'S LOVE-CALL TO HER CORIDON,  
AND HIS REPLYING.*

*Phil.* CORIDON, arise my Coridon;  
Titan shineth clear.

*Cor.* Who is it that calleth Coridon?  
Who is it that I hear?

*Phil.* Phillida, thy true love, calleth thee;  
Arise then, arise then;  
Arise, and keep thy flock with me.

*Cor.* Phillida, my true love, is it she?

I come then, I come then,

I come and keep my flock with thee!

*Phil.* Here are cherries ripe for my Coridon;

Eat them for my sake.

*Cor.* Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,

Sport for thee to make.

*Phil.* Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,

To knit thee, to knit thee

A pair of stockings white as milk.

*Cor.* Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,

To make thee, to make thee,

A bonnet, to withstand the heat.

*Phil.* I will gather flowers, my Coridon,

To set in thy cap.

*Cor.* I will gather pears, my lovely one,

To put in thy lap.

*Phil.* I will buy my true love garters gay,

For Sundays, for Sundays,

To wear about his legs so tall.

*Cor.* I will buy my true love yellow say,  
For Sundays, for Sundays,  
To wear about her middle small.

*Phil.* When my Coridon sits on a hill  
Making melody:

*Cor.* When my lovely one goes to her wheel,  
Singing cherily:

*Phil.* Sure methinks my true love doth excel  
For sweetness, for sweetness,  
Our Pan that old Arcadian knight:

*Cor.* And methinks my true love bears the bell  
For clearness, for clearness,  
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

*Phil.* Had my Coridon, my Coridon,  
Been, alack, my swain:

*Cor.* Had my lovely one, my lovely one,  
Been in Ida plain:

*Phil.* Cynthia Endymion had refus'd,  
Preferring, preferring,  
My Coridon to play with-all:

*Cor.* The queen of love had been excus'd  
Bequeathing, bequeathing,  
My Phillida the golden ball.

*Phil.* Yonder comes my mother, Coridon!  
Whither shall I fly?

*Cor.* Under yonder beech, my lovely one,  
While she passeth by.

*Phil.* Say to her thy true love was not here:  
Remember, remember,  
To-morrow is another day!

*Cor.* Doubt me not, my true love; do not fear;  
Farewell then, farewell then;  
Heaven keep our loves alway!



*THE SHEPHERD'S SLUMBER.*

IN Pescod time, when hound to horn  
Gives ear till buck be kill'd,  
And little lads with pipes of corn  
Sate keeping beasts a-field,

I went to gather strawberries tho',  
By woods and groves full fair:  
And parch'd my face with Phœbus so,  
In walking in the air,  
That down I laid me by a stream,  
With boughs all over clad:  
And there I met the strangest dream,  
That ever Shepherd had.  
Methought I saw each Christmas game,  
Each revel all and some;  
And every thing that I can name,  
Or may in fancy come.  
The substance of the sights I saw,  
In silence pass they shall;  
Because I lack the skill to draw  
The order of them all;  
But Venus shall not pass my pen,  
Whose maidens in disdain  
Did feed upon the hearts of men,  
That Cupid's bow had slain.

And that blind boy was all in blood

Be-bath'd up to the ears :

And like a conqueror he stood,

And scorned lovers' tears.

“ I have,” quoth he, “ more hearts at call,

Than Cæsar could command,

And like the deer I make them fall,

That runneth o'er the lawnd.<sup>a</sup>

One drops down here, another there,

In bushes as they groan ;

I bend a scornful careless ear,

To hear them make their moan.”

“ Ah, Sir!” quoth Honest Meaning then,

“ Thy boy-like brags I hear,

When thou hast wounded many a man,

As huntsman doth the deer.

Becomes it thee to triumph so ?

Thy mother wills it not :

For she had rather break thy bow,

Than thou should'st play the sot.”

<sup>a</sup> For “ lawn.”

“What saucy merchant speaketh now?”

Said Venus in her rage:

“Art thou so blind thou knowest not how

I govern every age?

My son doth shoot no shaft in waste;

To me the boy is bound:

He never found a heart so chaste,

But he had power to wound.”

“Not so, fair goddess,” quoth Free-will:

“In me there is a choice:

And cause I am of mine own ill,

If I in thee rejoice.

And when I yield myself a slave,

To thee, or to thy son,

Such recompence I ought not have,

If things be rightly done.”

“Why fool,” stept forth Delight, and said,

“When thou art conquer’d thus:

Then loe dame Lust, that wanton maid,

Thy mistress is, I wis.



And Lust is Cupid's darling dear,  
Behold her where she goes:  
She creeps the milk-warm flesh so near,  
She hides her under close,  
Where many privy thoughts do dwell,  
A heaven here on earth:  
For they have never mind of hell,  
They think so much on mirth."  
"Be still, Good Meaning," quoth Good Sport,  
"Let Cupid triumph make:  
For sure his kingdom shall be short,  
If we no pleasure take.  
Fair Beauty, and her play-fairs gay,  
The virgin's Vestals too,  
Shall sit, and with their fingers play,  
As idle people do.  
If Honest Meaning fall to frown,  
And I Good Sport decay:  
Then Venus' glory will come down,  
And they will pine away."

“ Indeed,” quoth Wit, “ this your device,  
With strangeness must be wrought:  
And where you see these women nice,  
And looking to be sought,  
With scowling brows their follies check,  
And so give them the fig.  
Let Fancy be no more at beck,  
When Beauty looks so big.”  
When Venus heard how they conspir’d  
To murder women so,  
Methought, indeed, the house was fir’d,  
With storms and lightning tho’.  
The thunder-bolt through windows burst,  
And in there steps a wight;  
Which seemed some soul or sprite accurst,  
So ugly was the sight!  
“ I charge you, ladies all,” quoth he,  
“ Look to yourselves in haste,  
For if that men so wilful be,  
And have their thoughts so chaste,

That they can tread on Cupid's breast,  
And march on Venus' face:  
Then they shall sleep in quiet rest,  
When you shall wail your case."  
With that had Venus, all in spite,  
Stir'd up the dames to ire;  
And Lust fell cold, and Beauty white,  
Sat babbling with Desire,  
Whose muttering words I might not mark;  
Much whipering there arose:  
The day did lower, the sun wax'd dark;  
Away each lady goes.  
But whither went this angry flock?  
Our Lord himself doth know:  
Wherewith full loudly crew the cock,  
And I awaked so.  
"A dream!" quoth I, "a dog it is,  
"I take thereon no keep:  
I gage my head, such toys as this  
Doth spring from lack of sleep!

*DE MORTE.*

MAN's life's a Tragedy: his mother's womb,  
From which he enters, is the tiring room;  
This spacious earth the Theatre; and the Stage  
That country which he lives in: Passions, Rage,  
Folly, and Vice are Actors: the first cry  
The Prologue to the ensuing Tragedy.  
The former act consisteth of dumb shows;  
The second, he to more perfection grows;  
I'th third he is a man, and doth begin  
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin:  
I'th the fourth declines; i'th fifth diseases clog  
And trouble him; then Death's his Epilogue!

*A NYMPH'S DISDAIN OF LOVE.*

HEY, down, a down, did Dian sing,  
Amongst her virgins sitting:  
Than love there is no vainer thing,  
For maidens most unfitting:  
And so think I, with a down, down, derry.

When women knew no woe,  
But liv'd themselves to please,  
Men's faining guiles they did not know  
The ground of their disease.  
Unborn was false Suspect,  
No thought of jealousy:  
From wanton toys and fond Affect,  
The virgin's life was free.  
Hey, down, a down, did Dian sing, &c.

At length men used charms,  
To which what maids gave ear,

Embracing gladly endless harms,

Anon enthralled were.

Thus women welcom'd woe,

Disguis'd in name of love:

A jealous hell, a painted show,

So shall they find that prove.

Hey, down, a down, did Dian sing,

Amongst her virgins sitting:

Than love there is no vainer thing,

For maidens most unfitting:

And so think I, with a down, down, derry.



*THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.*

*Melibeus.* SHEPHERD, what's Love, I pray thee tell?

*Faustus.* It is that fountain, and that well,

Where pleasure and repentance dwell:

It is, perhaps, that sauncing<sup>a</sup> bell,  
That tolls all into heaven or hell:  
And this is Love, as I heard tell.

*Meli.* Yet what is Love, I prithee say?

*Faust.* It is a work on holy-day,  
It is December match'd with May,  
When lusty bloods in fresh array  
Hear ten months after of the play:  
And this is Love, as I hear say.

*Meli.* Yet what is Love, good Shepherd sain?

*Faust.* It is a sunshine mix'd with rain;  
It is a tooth-ach; or like pain;  
It is a game, where none doth gain.  
The lass saith no, and would full fain:  
And [this] is Love, as I hear sain.

*Meli.* Yet, Shepherd, what is Love, I pray?

*Faust.* It is a yea, it is a nay,  
A pretty kind of sporting fray,  
It is a thing will soon away;

<sup>a</sup> For "sounding."

Then Nymphs take 'vantage while ye may:  
And this is love, as I hear say.

*Meli.* Yet what is Love, good Shepherd show?

*Faust.* A thing that creeps, it cannot go;  
A prize that passeth to and fro,  
A thing for one, a thing for mo,  
And he that proves shall find it so,  
And Shepherd this is Love I trow.



#### HYMN.

Rise, Oh my Soul, with thy desires to Heaven,  
And with Divinest contemplation, use  
Thy time, where Time's eternity is given,  
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse;  
But down in darkness let them lie:  
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die!

And thou, my Soul, inspir'd with holy flame,  
View and review with most regardful eye



That holy Cross, whence thy salvation came,

On which thy Saviour, and thy sin did die!

For in that sacred object is much pleasure,

And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To thee, O Jehu! I direct my eye,

To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees;

To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,

To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees :

To thee myself, myself and all I give;

To thee I die, to thee I only live!

## SONG.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

COME, live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That grove or valley, hill or field,  
Or wood and steepy mountain yield.

Where we will sit on rising rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Pleas'd will I make thee beds of roses,  
And twine a thousand fragrant posies;  
A cap of flowers, and rural kirtle,  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;

And shoes lin'd choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy-buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs;  
If these, these pleasures can thee move,  
To live with me, and be my love!

---

*THE ANSWER.\**

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IF all the world and Love were young,  
And truth on every Shepherd's tongue,  
These pleasures might my passion move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

---

\* This poem is printed thus in "*England's Helicon*."

*THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.*

IF all the world and Love were young,  
And truth in every Shepherd's tongue,

But fading flowers in every field,  
To winter floods their treasures yield;  
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

---

These pretty pleasures might me move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;  
And Philomel becometh dumb;  
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields;  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move,  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could Youth last, and Love still breed;  
Had joys no date, nor Age no need;  
Then these delights my mind might move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,  
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
Can me with no enticements move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could Youth last, could Love still breed;  
Had joys no date, had Age no need;  
Then those delights my mind might move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.



*ANOTHER OF THE SAME NATURE MADE SINCE.*

COME, live with me, and be my dear;  
And we will revel all the year,

In plains and groves, on hills and dales,  
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous pine,  
The cedar and the spreading vine;  
And all the woods to be a screen,  
Lest Phœbus kiss my Summer's Queen.

The seat for your disport shall be  
Over some river in a tree;  
Where silver sand and pebbles sing  
Eternal ditties with the Spring.

There shall you see the Nymphs at play;  
And how the Satyrs spend the day;  
The fishes gliding on the sands,  
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds, with heavenly-tuned throats,  
Possess woods' echoes with sweet notes;

Which to your senses will impart  
A music to enflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leafless oak  
The ring-dove's wooings will provoke,  
A colder blood than you possess,  
To play with me and do no less.

In bowers of laurel trimly dight  
We will outwear the silent night;  
While Flora busy is to spread  
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand glow-worms shall attend,  
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,  
All to adorn and beautify  
Your lodging with most majesty.

Then in mine arms will I enclose  
Lilies' fair mixture with the rose;

Whose nice perfections in Love's play  
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we pass the welcome night  
In sportful pleasures and delight,  
The nimble fairies on the grounds  
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.

If these may serve for to entice  
Your presence to Love's paradise,  
Then come with me, and be my dear,  
And we will straight begin the year.



*AN HEROICAL POEM.*

My wanton Muse, that whilom wont to sing  
Fair Beauty's praise and Venus' sweet delight,  
Of late had chang'd the tenor of her string  
To higher tunes that serve for Cupid's fight.



Shrill trumpets sound, sharp swords and lances  
strong,

War, blood, and death, were matter of her song.

The God of Love by chance had heard thereof,  
That I was prov'd a rebel to his crown;  
“Fit words for war,” quoth he, with angry scoff,  
“A likely man to write of Mars his frown.  
Well are they sped whose praises he shall write,  
Whose wanton pen can nought but love indite.”

This said, he whisk'd his party-colour'd wings,  
And down to earth he comes more swift than thought;  
Then to my heart in angry haste he flings,  
To see what change these news of wars had wrought.  
He pries, and looks; he ransacks ev'ry vein;  
Yet finds he nought, save love and lover's pain.

Then I, that now perceiv'd his needless fear,  
With heavy smile began to plead my cause:

“ In vain,” quoth I, “ this endless grief I bear ;  
In vain I strive to keep thy grievous laws :  
If after proof, so often trusty found,  
Unjust Suspect condemn me as unsound.

Is this the guerdon of my faithful heart ?  
Is this the hope on which my life is staid ?  
Is this the ease of never-ceasing smart ?  
Is this the price that for my pains is paid ?  
Yet better serve fierce Mars in bloody field,  
Where death, or conquest, end or joy doth yield !

Long have I serv'd : what is my pay but pain ?  
Oft have I su'd : what gain I but delay ?  
My faithful love is 'quited with disdain ;  
My grief a game, my pen is made a play ;  
Yea, Love that doth in other favour find,  
In me is counted madness out of kind.

And last of all, but grievous most of all,  
Thyself, sweet Love, hath kill'd me with suspect :

Could Love believe, that I from love would fall?  
Is war of force to make me love neglect?

No, Cupid knows, my mind is faster set,  
Than that by war I should my love forget.

My Muse, indeed, to war inclines her mind;  
The famous acts of worthy Brute to write:  
To whom the gods this island's rule assign'd,  
Which long he sought by seas through Neptune's  
spight.

With such conceits my busy head doth swell;  
But in my heart nought else but Love doth dwell.

And in this war thy part is not the least:  
Here shall my Muse Brute's noble love declare;  
Here shalt thou see thy double love increas'd,  
Of fairest twins that ever Lady bare.

Let Mars triumph in armour shining bright,  
His conquer'd arms shall be thy triumph's light.

As he the world, so thou shalt him subdue,  
And I thy glory through the world will ring;  
So by my pains, thou wilt vouchsafe to rue,  
And kill despair. With that he wisk'd his wing,  
And bid me write, and promis'd wished rest,  
But sore I fear, false hope will be the best.

---

*THE SHEPHERD TO THE FLOWERS.*

SWEET violets, Love's paradise, that spread  
Your gracious odours, which you couched bear  
Within your paly faces,  
Upon the gentle wing of some calm breathing wind,  
That plays amidst the plain,  
If by the favour of propitious stars you gain  
Such grace as in my lady's bosom place to find,  
Be proud to touch those places!  
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,  
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,

Your honours of the flowery meads I pray,  
    You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,  
With mild and seemly breathing straight display  
    My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone!

Vermilion roses, that with new days rise,  
    Display your crimson folds fresh looking fair,  
    Whose radiant bright disgraces  
The rich adorn'd rays of roseate rising morn!  
    Ah, if her virgin's hand  
    Do pluck your purse, ere Phœbus view the land,  
And veil your gracious pomp in lovely Nature's scorn,  
    If chance my mistress traces  
Fast by the flowers to take the Summer's air,  
    Then woeful blushing tempt her glorious eyes  
To spread their tears, Adonis' death reporting,  
    And tell Love's torments, sorrowing for her friend,  
Whose drops of blood, within your leaves consorting,  
    Report fair Venus' moans to have no end!  
Then may Remorse, in pitying of my smart,  
Dry up my tears, and dwell within her heart!

## UPON GASCOIGNE'S POEM, CALLED

## "THE STEEL-GLASS."

SWEET were the sauce would please each kind of taste ;

The life likewise was pure that never swerv'd ;

For spiteful tongues, in canker'd stomachs plac'd,

Deem worst of things, which best percase deserv'd.

But what for that? this medicine may suffice

To scorn the rest, and seek to please the wise.

Though sundry minds in sundry sort do deem,

Yet worthiest wights yield praise for every pain ;

But envious brains do nought, or light, esteem

Such stately steps as they cannot attain :

For whoso reaps renown above the rest,

With heaps of hate shall surely be oppress.

Wherefore, to write my censure of this book,

This "*Glass of Steel*" impartially doth shew

Abuses all to such as in it look,  
From prince to poor; from high estate to low.  
As for the verse, who list like trade to try,  
I fear me much shall hardly reach so high!

---

*THIRSIS THE SHEPHERD, TO HIS PIPE.*

LIKE desert woods, with darksome shades obscured,  
Where dreadful beasts, where hateful horror reigneth,  
Such is my wounded heart, whom Sorrow paineth.

The trees are fatal shafts to death inured,  
That cruel love within my breast maintaineth,  
To whet my grief, when as my sorrow waineth.

The ghastly beasts my thoughts in cares assures,  
Which wage me war, while heart no succour gaineth,  
With false Suspect, and Fear that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs, by cares procured,  
Which forth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth,  
To cool the heat, the helpless heart containeth.

But shafts, but cares, but sighs, honours unrecured,  
Were nought esteem'd, if for these pains awarded,  
My faithful love by her might be regarded.



*LOVE THE ONLY PRICE OF LOVE.*

THE fairest pearls, that northern seas do breed,  
For precious stones from eastern coasts are sold;  
Nought yields the earth that from exchange is freed;  
Gold values all, and all things value gold.  
Where Goodness wants an equal change to make,  
There Greatness serves, or number place doth take.

No mortal thing can bear so high a price,  
But that with mortal thing it may be bought;



The corn of Sicil buys the western spice;  
French wine of us, of them our cloth is sought.  
No pearls, no gold, no stones, no corn, no spice,  
No cloth, no wine, of Love can pay the price.

What thing is Love, which nought can countervail?  
Nought save itself, ev'n such a thing is Love.  
All worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,  
As lowest earth doth yield to heav'n above.  
Divine is Love, and scorneth worldly pelf,  
And can be bought with nothing, but with self.

Such is the price my loving heart would pay,  
Such is the pay thy love doth claim as due.  
Thy due is Love, which I, poor I, essay,  
In vain essay to quite with friendship true:  
True is my Love, and true shall ever be,  
And truest Love is far too base for thee.

Love but thyself, and love thyself alone;  
For save thyself, none can thy Love requite:

All mine thou hast, but all as good as none ;

My small desert must take a lower flight.

Yet if thou wilt vouchsafe my heart such bliss,

Accept it for thy prisoner as it is.



*THE SHEPHERD'S PRAISE OF HIS  
SACRED DIANA.*

PRAIS'D be Diana's fair and harmless light ;

Prais'd be the dews, wherewith she moistens the  
ground ;

Prais'd be her beams, the glory of the night ;

Prais'd be her power, by which all powers abound !

Prais'd be her nymphs, with whom she decks the  
woods ;

Prais'd be her knights, in whom true honour lives ;

Prais'd be that force by which she moves the floods !

Let that Diana shine, which all these gives !

In heaven Queen she is among the spheres ;  
She mistress-like makes all things to be pure ;  
Eternity in her oft-change she bears ;  
She Beauty is ; by her the fair endure.

Time wears her not ; she doth his chariot guide ;  
Mortality below her orb is plac'd ;  
By her the virtues of the stars down slide ;  
In her is Virtue's perfect image cast !

A knowledge pure it is her worth to know :  
With Circes let them dwell that think not so !



*THE SILENT LOVER.*

PASSIONS are likened best to floods and streams ;  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.  
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems  
The bottom is but shallow whence they come !

They that are rich in words must needs discover,  
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart!

The merit of true passion,  
With thinking that he feels no smart,  
Who sues for no compassion!

Since, if my plaints were not t' approve

The conquest of thy beauty,  
It comes not from defect of love,  
But fear t' exceed my duty.

For, knowing that I sue to serve

A saint of such perfection,  
As all desire, but none deserve  
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief

Than venture the revealing:

Where glory recommends the grief,  
Despair disdains the healing!

Thus those desires that boil so high  
In any mortal lover,  
When Reason cannot make them die,  
Discretion them must cover.

Yet when Discretion doth bereave  
The plaints that I should utter,  
Then your Discretion may perceive  
That Silence is a Suitor.

Silence in Love bewrays more woe  
Than words, though ne'er so witty;  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pity!<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> This stanza was, by some strange anachronism, current about fifty years ago, among the circles of fashion, as the production of the late celebrated Earl of Chesterfield.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart!  
My love for secret passion;  
He smarteth most that hides his smart,  
And sues for no compassion!

---

*A VISION UPON THE FAIRY QUEEN.*

METHOUGHT I saw the grave, where Laura lay,  
Within that temple, where the vestal flame  
Was wont to burn; and, passing by that way,  
To see that buried dust of living fame,  
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept:  
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen;  
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,  
And, from thenceforth, those Graces were not seen;  
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead  
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:  
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,  
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce:  
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,  
And curs'd the access of that celestial thief!

*ON THE SAME.*

THE praise of meaner wits this work like profit brings,  
As doth the cuckoo's song delight, when Philomela  
sings ;

If thou hast formed right true Virtue's face herein,  
Virtue herself can best discern, to whom they written  
been.

If thou hast Beauty prais'd, let her sole looks divine,  
Judge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her  
eyne.

If Chastity want ought, or Temperance her due,  
Behold her princely mind aright, and write thy  
Queen anew.

Meanwhile she shall perceive, how far her virtues soar  
Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote of  
yore :

And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will ;  
Whose virtue cannot be express'd, but by an Angel's  
quill.

Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of  
thy device.

---

*THE LOVER'S ABSENCE KILLS ME,  
HER PRESENCE KILLS ME.*

THE frozen snake oppress'd with heaped snow,  
By struggling hard gets out her tender head,  
And spies far off, from where she lies below,  
The winter sun that from the north is fled.  
But all in vain she looks upon the light,  
Where heat is wanting to restore her might.

What doth it help a wretch in prison pent,  
Long time with biting hunger overpress'd,  
To see without, or smell within, the scent  
Of dainty fare for others' tables dress'd?  
Yet snake and prisoner both behold the thing,  
The which (but not with sight) might comfort  
bring.



Such is my taste, or worse, if worse may be ;  
My heart oppress'd with heavy frost of care,  
Debar'd of that which is most dear to me,  
Kill'd up with cold, and pin'd with evil fare ;  
And yet I see the thing might yield relief,  
And yet the sight doth breed my greater grief.

So Thisbe saw her lover through the wall,  
And saw thereby she wanted that she saw :  
And so I see, and seeing want withall,  
And wanting so, unto my death I draw.  
And so my death were twenty times my friend,  
If with this verse my hated life might end.

*A DEFIANCE TO DISDAINFUL LOVE.*

Now have I learn'd, with much ado at last,  
By true disdain to kill Desire;  
This was the mark at which I shot so fast;  
Unto this height I did aspire.  
Proud Love, now do thy worst, and spare not;  
For thee and all thy shafts I care not!

What hast thou left wherewith to move my mind?  
What life to quicken dead Desire?  
I count thy words and oaths as light as wind;  
I feel no heat in all thy fire.  
Go charge thy bows, and get a stronger;  
Go break thy shafts, and buy thee longer.

In vain thou bait'st thy hook with Beauty's blaze;  
In vain thy wanton eyes allure:  
These are but toys, for them that love to gaze:  
I know what harm thy looks procure:

Some strange conceit must be devised,  
Or thou and all thy skill despised.



*The two following Poems are taken from CAYLEY'S LIFE OF  
RALEIGH; but I know not from which of the Authorities  
referred to by him, they are extracted.*



*DULCINA.*

As at noon Dulcina rested  
In her sweet and shady bower,  
Came a Shepherd, and requested  
In her lap to sleep an hour.  
But from her look  
A wound he took  
So deep, that for a farther boon  
The nymph he prays;  
Whereto she says,  
“Forego me now, come to me soon!”

But in vain she did conjure him  
    To depart her presence so,  
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him,  
    And but one to bid him go.  
    When lips invite,  
    And eyes delight,  
And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,  
    Persuade delay,  
    What boots to say,  
“Forego me now, come to me soon!”

He demands, what time for pleasure  
    Can there be more fit than now?  
She says, Night gives Love that leisure  
    Which the day doth not allow.  
    He says, the sight  
    Improves delight;  
Which she denies; “Night’s murky noon  
    In Venus’ plays  
    Makes bold,” she says,  
“Forego me now, come to me soon!”

But what promise, or profession,  
From his hands could purchase scope?  
Who would sell the sweet possession  
Of such beauty for a hope?  
Or for the sight  
Of lingering night,  
Forego the present joys of noon?  
Tho' ne'er so fair  
Her speeches were,  
“Forego me now, come to me soon!”

How at last agreed these lovers?  
She was fair, and he was young:  
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers;  
Joys unseen are never sung.  
Did she consent,  
Or he relent?  
Accepts he night, or grants she noon?  
Left he her maid,  
Or not? she said,  
“Forego me now, come to me soon!”

*HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.*

SHALL I, like a hermit, dwell,  
On a rock, or in a cell,  
Calling home the smallest part  
That is missing of my heart,  
To bestow it where I may  
Meet a rival every day?  
If she undervalue me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold,  
If a stranger may be bold,  
Unrebuked, unafraid,  
To convert them to a braid;  
And with little more ado  
Work them into bracelets, too?  
If the mine be grown so free,  
What care I how rich it be?

Were her band as rich a prize  
As her hairs, or precious eyes,  
If she lay them out to take  
Kisses, for good manners' sake:  
And let every lover skip  
From her hand unto her lip;  
If she seem not chaste to me,  
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,  
In effect as well as show;  
Warming but as snow-balls do,  
Not like fire, by burning too;  
But when she by change hath got  
To her heart a second lot,  
Then, if others share with me,  
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

*HIS PILGRIMAGE.<sup>a</sup>*

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of Faith to walk upon;  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;  
My bottle of salvation;  
My gown of glory, (Hope's true gage)  
And thus I'll take my Pilgrimage.  
Blood must be my Body's only balmer,  
Whilst my Soul like a quiet Palmer,  
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven:  
No other balm will there be given.  
Over the silver mountains,  
Where spring the nectar fountains,  
There will I kiss  
The bowl of bliss,

<sup>a</sup> This is an extraordinary poem; a mixture of sublime ideas and sentiments, with quaint and degrading images. It is said to have been written in the short interval between his sentence and execution.



And drink mine everlasting fill  
Upon every milken hill.  
My Soul will be a-dry before,  
But after, it will thirst no more.

    I'll take them first,  
    To quench my thirst,  
And taste of nectars suckets,  
    At those clear wells  
    Where Sweetness dwells,  
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

Then by that happy blissful day,  
More peaceful Pilgrims I shall see,  
That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk apparell'd fresh like me;  
And when our bodies and all we  
Are fill'd with immortality,  
Then the blessed parts we'll travel  
Strew'd with rubies thick as gravel;  
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire flowers,  
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.

From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,  
Where no corrupted voices brawl,  
No conscience molten into gold,  
No forg'd accuser bought or sold,  
No cause deferr'd, no vain-spent journey;  
For there Christ is the King's attorney,  
Who pleads for all without degrees,  
And he hath angels, but no fees.  
And when the twelve grand million jury  
Of our sins, with direful fury,  
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,  
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.  
Be thou my Speaker, [taintless Pleader,  
Unblotted Lawyer, true Proceeder,]  
Thou would'st salvation even for alms,  
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.  
And this is mine eternal plea,  
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,  
That since my flesh must die so soon,  
And want a head to dine next noon,

Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,  
Set on my soul an everlasting head.  
Then am I ready, like a Palmer fit,  
To tread those bless'd paths which before I writ!  
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
Who oft doth think, must needs die well!

---

*THE FAREWELL.<sup>a</sup>*

Go, Soul, the Body's guest,  
Upon a thankless errand;  
Fear not to touch the best;  
The truth shall be thy warrant.  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give them all the lie.

---

<sup>a</sup> The following poem has been given as written by **SIR WALTER RALEIGH**, the night before his execution; but it had already appeared in "*Davison's Rhapsody*," in 1608; and is also to be found in a MS. collection of Poems in the British Museum, which has the date of 1596.

Go, tell the Court it glows,  
And shines like painted wood ;  
Go, tell the Church it shows  
What's good, but does no good.  
If Court and Church reply,  
Give Court and Church the lie.

---

Whoever was the author, it is a poem of uncommon beauty and merit, and glowing with all that moral pathos, which is one of the first charms in the compositions of genius.

It is printed thus in "*Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*."

THE LIE.

Go, Soul, the Body's guest,  
Upon a thankless errand ;  
Fear not to touch the best ;  
The truth shall be thy warrant.  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court it glows,  
And shines like rotten wood,  
Say to the Church it shows  
What's good, and doth no good.  
If Church and Court reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates, they live  
Acting, but Oh! their actions  
Not lov'd, unless they give;  
Nor strong, but by their factions.  
If Potentates reply,  
Give Potentates the lie.

---

Tell Potentates, they live  
Acting, by others' action;  
Not lov'd, unless they give;  
Nor strong, but by affection.  
If Potentates reply,  
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
That manage the estate,  
Their purpose is ambition;  
Their practice only hate.  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who in their greatest cost  
Like nothing but commending,  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
That rule affairs of state,  
Their purpose is ambition ;  
Their practice only hate.  
And if they do reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

---

Tell Zeal it wants devotion ;  
Tell Love it is but lust ;  
Tell Time it meets but motion ;  
Tell Flesh it is but dust :  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth ;  
Tell Honour how it alters ;  
Tell Beauty how she blasteth ;  
Tell Favour how it falters :  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness ;  
Tell Wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness :  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell those that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending;  
Who in their greatest cost  
Seek nothing but commending.  
And if they make reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

---

Tell Physic of her boldness ;  
Tell Skill it is prevention ;  
Tell Charity of coldness ;  
Tell Law it is contention :  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness ;  
Tell Nature of decay ;  
Tell Friendship of unkindness ;  
Tell Justice of delay :  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming ;  
Tell Schools they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming.  
If Arts and Schools reply,  
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion ;  
    Tell Love it is but lust ;  
Tell Time it is but motion ;  
    Tell Flesh it is but dust :  
    And wish them not reply,  
    For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth ;  
    Tell Honour how it alters ;  
Tell Beauty that it blasteth ;  
    Tell Favour that she falters :

---

Tell Faith it's fled the city ;  
    Tell how the country erreth ;  
Tell Manhood, shakes off pity ;  
    Tell Virtue, least preferred,  
    And if they do reply,  
    Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
    Commanded thee, done blabbing ;  
Because to give the lie  
    Deserves no less than stabbing :  
    Stab at thee, he that will,  
    No stab thy soul can kill !



And as they do reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles  
In fickle points of niceness;  
Tell Wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness:  
And if they do reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;  
Tell Skill it is pretension;  
Tell Charity of coldness;  
Tell Law it is contention:  
And if they yield reply,  
Then give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;  
Tell Nature of decay;  
Tell Friendship of unkindness;

Tell Justice of delay :  
And if they do reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming ;  
Tell Schools they lack profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming.  
If Arts and Schools reply,  
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city ;  
Tell how the Country erreth ;  
Tell Manhood, shakes off pity ;  
Tell Virtue, least preferreth.  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I  
Commaned thee, done blabbing ;

Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing;  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the Soul can kill!

---

*ON THE SNUFF OF A CANDLE.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE HE DIED.

Cowards fear to die; but Courage stout,  
Rather than live in Snuff, will be put out.

*SIR WALTER RALEIGH THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS  
DEATH.*<sup>a</sup>

EVEN such is Time, that<sup>b</sup> takes on<sup>c</sup> trust

Our youth, our joys, our<sup>d</sup> all we have,

• And pays us but with age and dust;

Who<sup>f</sup> in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,

Shuts up the story of our days!

• But from this earth, this grave, this dust,

My God<sup>h</sup> shall raise me up, I trust!

<sup>a</sup> Verses said to have been found in his Bible in the Gate-house, at Westminster.

*Dr. Birch's Edition runs thus:*

<sup>b</sup> Which.

<sup>c</sup> In.

<sup>d</sup> And.

<sup>e</sup> And pays us nought but age and dust.

<sup>f</sup> Which.

<sup>g</sup> And from which grave, and earth, and dust.

<sup>h</sup> The Lord.

# NOTES

TO

## RALEIGH'S POEMS.

---

ERRORS will seem to strike the hasty Critic in the commencement of this collection, for *A Description of the Country's Recreations*, has been generally printed as Sir Henry Wotton's. But it is clearly distinguished from Wotton's own in the "*Reliquiæ*;" and though it is marked by the deep moral cast of that eloquent and instructive writer, it is not unbecoming the vigorous mind, the worldly experience, and the severe disappointments of RALEIGH.

P. 5. *Dispraise of Love*. SIR WALTER was celebrated by Puttenham in his "*Art of English Poesy*," as early as 1589, for "ditty and amorous

Odes," in which "his vein" is called "most lofty, insolent, and passionate." (See Mr. Haslewood's reprint of that rare and curious volume of Criticism.) There are some pretty lines in the present poem.

P. 6. This *Dialogue betwixt God and the Soul* stands on the authority of Isaac Walton, as Editor of the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*." Its absurdity needs not be pointed out.

P. 8. *Phillida's Love-call* is a delightful little pastoral; simple, natural, elegant, chaste, and airy.

P. 11. *The Shepherd's Slumber* is one of those love-ditties, which, if really RALEIGH's, was probably written in his early days of attendance about the Court, when he was anxious to recommend himself by his ingenuity in these minor productions, then fashionable in a female reign, where the monarch herself was a dabbler in poetry, and was fond of Arcadian fictions, and of the representation of faithful Love, dying at the feet of chaste Beauty; while Venus and Cupid, with all the Personified Passions were allowed to give variety to the pageantries which were exhibited to

amuse this great but fantastic monarch. RALEIGH, acute in the knowledge of the human character, and with talents capable of executing whatever he bent them to, could equally "pen sonnets for his mistress's ear," and plan and execute discoveries and governments of new worlds.

P. 18. *De Morte*. These lines are quaint; but contain a powerful compression of thought. Unfortunately they recall to us Shakespeare's celebrated passage on the same subject.

P. 19. *A Nymph's Disdain of Love* seems to be written with exquisite adaptation to the sentiments and taste which the Queen most affected. It is happily turned by one, to whom a little more practice would have given excellence in the artifices of style.

P. 20. *The Shepherd's Description of Love* is a beautiful little dialogue, full of sentiment, and reflection, and point, elegantly and harmoniously expressed, and exhibiting some lines of the most felicitous brevity of words.

P. 22. *Hymn*. If we admit this to be RALEIGH's, what shall we say to the foul charge of Atheism, or even Deism, which has been made

against him? The second and third stanzas are vigorous and sublime.

P. 24. Of this beautiful and celebrated Song, by Christopher Marlow, (which alone must stamp him a true poet,) it would be out of place to discuss the merits here.

P. 25. RALEIGH's *Answer*. A noble Answer to a beautiful Poem. Every stanza glows with that moral wisdom, by which the mind of our great author was so enriched. It comes with that deeper tone, which, after a playful air of the sweetest music, is so doubly affecting by the contrast. How fine are those two lines,

“ Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,  
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.”

And again,

“ But could Youth last, could Love still breed;  
Had joys no date, had Age no need.”

P. 27. *Another Answer*. This being only a Parody of Marlow, is not of so much merit as the other; but it has some beautiful stanzas, particularly the seventh, eighth, and tenth. Dr. Donne has also given an imitation of this poem, which he calls “ *The Bait*,” beginning



“ Come, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will some new pleasures prove,  
Of golden-sands, and crystal brooks,  
With silken lines and silver hooks.”

It is full of pitiful conceits, which shew that Donne had no taste for true poetry, nor any conception wherein the beauty of this piece consisted. A more decisive proof of the superiority of RALEIGH's poetical genius could not have been exhibited!

P. 30. *An Heroical Poem.* This should rather be entitled, *Lines occasioned by my having undertaken to write an Heroical Poem.* It well agrees with that which is understood to have been the progress of RALEIGH's poetical habits. He began with amorous pieces; he had now, I doubt not, turned his mind to a longer and more important kind of poem; from which probably the continual scenes of activity that he was engaged in, soon withdrew him. If his leisure had permitted such an application of his rich and various faculties, I see no reason why he should not have succeeded in so arduous an attempt.

P. 34. *The Shepherd to the Flowers.* There

are some beautiful images in this poem, clothed in very elegant language; but its construction is altogether involved and obscure; which makes me doubt, if it be really RALEIGH's.

P. 36. *Upon Gascoigne's Poem.* This has been questioned, as the name subscribed was spelt *Raweley*. But there is little force in such an objection. It bears internal marks of the character of RALEIGH's mind. It discovers that deep impression of the passions which actuate frail humanity, so characteristic of RALEIGH!

P. 37. *Thirsis the Shepherd to his Pipe.* In this poem there is little to be commended or remarked.

P. 38. *Love the only Price of Love.* The two first stanzas of this poem are drawn from stores with which RALEIGH's head must have been early filled; and are peculiarly appropriate to the history of his life. The rest is full of that forced conceit which was borrowed from the Italians.

P. 40. *The Shepherd's Praise of his Sacred Diana:* probably intended as one of those fulsome adulations of the Queen, in which RALEIGH came behind none of his brother-courtiers. Yet

there are some harmonious and poetical lines in this poem.

P. 41. *The Silent Lover.* This is a most extraordinary poem; terse, harmonious, pointed, full of ingenious turns, and often admirably expressed. It seems to have anticipated a century in its style. In a curious MS. volume of poetry, collected in the reign of James I. or Charles I. belonging to Mr. Crosse, I find it with a few verbal variations, but with the omission of the first stanza.

P. 44. *A Vision upon the Fairy Queen.* I have been always singularly struck and delighted with the tone, imagery, and expression of this extraordinary sonnet. The author must at this time have been deeply read in works of poetical fancy, and highly imbued with their spirit. Milton had deeply studied this sonnet; for in his compositions of the same class, he has evidently, more than once, the very rhythm and construction, as well as cast of thought, of this noble, though brief, composition.

P. 45. *On the same.* There is not so much

merit in these lines as in the former; but the praise of Spenser is as appropriate as it is high:

“ Above the reach of all that live, or those that wrote  
of yore.”

and this is nearly as true, after a further lapse of two hundred and twenty years, as it was when written.

P. 48. *A Defiance to Disdainful Love*. There are many vigorous lines in this poem, becoming the powerful and sententious mind of RALEIGH.

P. 49. P. 52. I have strong doubts whether these two poems are really to be attributed to RALEIGH's pen.

P. 54. *His Pilgrimage*. This poem is too full of far-fetched conceits to suffer us to believe that it was really written the night before RALEIGH's execution. It might have been composed in the contemplation of death in one of the many years between his sentence and execution, during that sad period of cruel and unexampled imprisonment. It contains a mixture of bold and sublime passages, such as the aspiring and indignant soul of RA-

LEIGH was likely to utter. The first stanza, in which the imagery drawn from a pilgrim is vividly depicted, fills the mind with a wild interest.

P. 57. *Go, Soul, the Body's guest.* Though the date ascribed to this poem is demonstrably wrong, I know no author so capable of writing it as RALEIGH. What must be the taste of the Reader, who can peruse these lines without sympathy; without feeling a swell and exultation of his heart?

P. 66. *Lines the Night before his Death,* are characteristic of the sublime fortitude of mind of the great man, to whom they are ascribed.

---

Let it be recollected, that the only authority on which some of these poems are ascribed to RALEIGH, is the signature of IGNOTO affixed to them in "*England's Helicon*," or in the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*." But it is certain that this was a signature used by RALEIGH. To one of these poems in the first edition of the "*Helicon*," the name of IGNOTO was pasted over the initial

letters W. R. It has been objected that this subscription of *Ignoto* must be taken as no more than equal to *Anonymous*, which he, who looks to its actual application at this time, will give little credit to. These signatures, when once seized, become appropriate. Once, if I recollect, *Ignoto* was misapplied in the “*Helicon* ;” but probably under a mistaken apprehension that the piece was RALEIGH’S. The major part of these poems possess also the internal evidence of traits of RALEIGH’S genius.

In thus first collecting these pieces together, I cannot but hope that I have performed an acceptable service to those who are willing to examine nicely and deeply into all the features of the mind of one of the most enlarged geniuses, and one of the most extraordinary men that the annals of this, or of any nation have recorded. He, who shall think that these poems have but a small share of intrinsic merit, (if any man of enlightened understanding can so think,) must yet peruse them with curiosity, as the productions of RALEIGH. Nor will I conceal, that highly as I honour Poetry, and sublime an Art as I deem it to

be, I think that even this noble Art is glorified by numbering RALEIGH among its votaries. It gives me confidence to express an opinion, which I have always entertained, that no man of illustrious intellect adapted to guide and enlighten the affairs of the world, no great statesman or orator, has existed, or can exist, unendowed with a strong predilection for poetry, with a wish at some period of his life to cultivate its seeds which he finds springing in his bosom, and to grasp at its laurels. The instances are so numerous, that to particularize a few, would only weaken my position. If the opinion be correct, may it not be easily accounted for? Fancy and Sentiment are necessary to light and console us through the dark and fearful perplexities of life; and a dry understanding, which gropes its way, step by step, is as little fit to guide and govern the passions of mankind, as to produce the splendid array of an Epic Poem!

## ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

CONTAINING THE FIRST LINE OF EACH POEM.

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Give me my scallop-shell of quiet. 54.  
Go, Soul, the Body's guest. 57.  
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The fairest pearls, that northern seas do breed. 38.  
The frozen snake oppress'd with heaped snow. 46.  
The praise of meaner wits this work like profit brings. 45.  
Whilst my Soul's eye beheld no light. 6.

FINIS.

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